# SONGS

OF THE

# BRIDE.

ZION'S WATCH TOWER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

# SONGS

—OF THE—

# BRIDE.

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*"Ye are a Chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood, a Holy Nation, a peculiar People; that ye should show forth the Praise of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light. 1 Pet. 2: 9.*

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# INTRODUCTION.

We have long felt the need of a Hymn Book containing a larger number of spiritual songs free from objectionable theology, and this is our reason for publishing "*The Songs of the Bride.*" We have selected according to our judgment the hymns best suited to the wants and desires of the more matured and consecrated Christians, the "little flock," the "sanctified," (or set apart ones—"In the world but not of it,") the true, "Church of the first-born whose names are written in Heaven." "The chaste Virgin espoused to one husband, Christ," and prospectively speaking, "The Bride the Lamb's wife," hence the perhaps peculiar name "*Songs of the Bride.*" They are not the songs of the world, nor of cold or half dead Christians, but of the Chaste Virgin Church, waiting and longing for her union with the heavenly Bridegroom.

Our selections have been made chiefly from four hymn books familiar to many, viz: "The Jubilee Harp," "Winnowed Hymns," "Hymns of the Morning" and "Gospel Hymns No. 1." Above each hymn so selected you will find letters, and the number of the page on which the music can be found. Thus: hymn No. 50, marked "*J. H.* 194, 11s," indicates that the metre is 11s, and that the music may be found on page 194 of the "Jubilee Harp"; the initials

"W. H." are for "Winnowed Hymns," "G. H." for "Gospel Hymns," and "H. M." for "Hymns of the Morning." We hope that this may be an especially convenient book for small gatherings and Churches where one book with *music* may serve a number.

The hymns are arranged alphabetically, so that if you remember the first line you can turn to the desired place directly, without using an index. We have also arranged an index of subjects, with each hymn under its topic, which will, we believe, make easy the selection of hymns adapted to special subjects or thoughts.

We would gladly give the credit of the hymns to their composers, but have been obliged to alter many of them to such an extent that we feared their authors would feel offended if their names were associated with them as they now are.

Our thanks are due and tendered to brother W. I. Mann, for valuable assistance in the arranging and revising of this collection of hymns.

The price, 15 cents, post paid, is about the cost of the book, postage, &c., and has been placed thus low, to enable all to have, who desire them, "The Songs of the Bride." If any who feel justified by God's word to reckon themselves part of the "little flock"—"the espoused virgin," desire a copy of the songs, yet cannot well spare the price, they will please make known their desires, and they will receive a copy free from

The Publishers
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# SONGS
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## 1.

ABIDE, sweet Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

2 Lead us in holiness—the road
Which we must keep to dwell with God;
Lead us in Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for Thine appointed hour;
And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conq'ring power.

# 2.

*J. H.* 201—*The Royal Feast.* 11s.

A FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we!
Our sins, tho' like crimson, made white as the wool,
No lack in the fountain, which always is full.

2 All things now are ready, He invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A home in the kingdom, for those who believe.

3 The guests who were bidden, refused the call;
For they were not ready, nor willing at all
To be stripped of their honor, and part with their store,
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

4 Though they were not ready, and wished to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
From highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is Mine.



# 3.

*W. H.* 13—*Dundee.* C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Jesus died for you,
And Jesus died for me;
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind;
Bless God! salvation's free.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! *Chorus.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin. *Chorus.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Chorus.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. *Chorus.*

## 4.

*Gould.* C. M.

A LITTLE flock! so calls He thee,
Who bought thee with His blood;
A little flock—disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

2 A little flock! so calls He thee;
Church of the firstborn, hear!
Be not ashamed to own the name;
It is no name of fear.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes His kings and priests,
Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the Chief Shepherd comes at length,
Her feeble days are o'er;
With glory crowned, and sceptre's strength
She reigns forevermore.

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## 5.

*W. H.* 63.

ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed pow'rs;
All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus; all for Jesus;
All my days and all my hours.



2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified!

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## 6.

*W. H.* 32.

ALL glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free,
And all may be washed and forgiven,
For Jesus does save even me.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus is mighty, is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know,
On His bosom I lean, and His blood makes me clean,
For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

2 From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He has brought me and made me an heir,
To kingdoms and mansions above. *Chorus.*

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of His love,
The measureless depths of His grace,
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace. *Chorus.*

4 In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely His blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.
*Chorus.*

## 7.

*Coronation.* C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.



## 8.

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be borne to Paradise
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of vic'try through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

## 9.

*Rest.* L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Till raised to glory at its close.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to rest
In hope of being ever blest.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! soon to rise,
Mount up to meet Him in the skies,
Bursting the fetters of the tomb—
Waking in full immortal bloom.

## 10.

*J. H.* 236.—*Loving Kindness.* L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O, how free!
His loving-kindness, loving kindness,
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O, how great! &c.

3 Through numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell its way oppose;
He safely leads His church along:
His loving-kindness, O, how strong! &c.



4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O, how good! &c.

5 And when earth's rightful King shall come,
To take His ransomed people home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore,
His loving-kindness evermore; &c.

## 11.

*W. H.* 44.

BEAUTIFUL home of the blest,
Beautiful home, beautiful home!
Home where the weary ones rest,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the pure and the good shall stand
Clad in white raiment at God's right hand,
Circling His Throne in a radiant band,
Singing forever there.

CHO.—Beautiful, &c.

2 Home by the river of life,
Beautiful home, beautiful home!
Free from earth's passion and strife,
Beautiful home on high!
Home where the pris'ner finds sweet release;
Home where all sorrows forever cease;
Home where the ransomed ones dwell in peace.
Happy forever there. *Chorus.*

## 12.

*Winstead.* S. M.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 Now in our Father's love
We share a filial part;
He sends the spirit, like a dove,
To dwell within each heart.

5 We can no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our hearts now "Abba, Father," cry,
And He the kindred owns.

## 13.

*Benevento.* 7s

BLESSED Bible, precious word!
Boon most sacred from the Lord;
Glory to His name be given,
For the best rich gift from heaven.



2 'T is a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the costliest diadems.

3 'T is a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

4 'T is a mine, ay, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years
Still some new, rich gem appears.

## 14.

*G. H.* 103—*Concord.* S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

3 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

4 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

5 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

6 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

## 15.

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through His blood.



To all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The seventh trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from death, appear
Before the Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## 16.

*J. H.* 102.—*Sounding Joy.* C. M.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why weep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory, thou.

2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of Thy heart.

8 But see, the night is wanning fast,
The breaking morn is here;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes, for, O, His yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon his heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

6 His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

## 17. *Millennial Morning.* 9s & 8s

CHRISTIAN the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright from thy everlasting home;
Soon shalt thou reach that world of glory,
Soon shalt thou share thy Saviour's throne.

2 Cheer up, cheer up; the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright in the promised shining way!
Light from Heaven is streaming for thee,
Proving thee near the perfect day.
Away, away, leave all for glory!
Baubles of time and vanity,
Search for the truth, O, buy and sell not;
And live, and reign eternally.



## 18. *H. M.* 95—*The Prospect.*

COME all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain,
Come view your home beyond the tide:
The land we love is just before us,
Soon we'll sing on the other side.
O! there are bright crowns of glory,
And life which our Saviour will give,
And all who have loved His appearing,
With Him shall eternally live.

CHO —O! the prospect it is so transporting,
Saviour, hasten Thy coming, we pray;
We sigh for the home Thou hast promis'd
And the dawn of the bright endless day.

2 There endless springs of life are flowing,
There are the fields of living green;
Mansions of beauty are provided,
And the King of the Saints is seen.
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended,
We'll be tried and tempted no more,
And the saints of all ages and nations
We shall meet on that heavenly shore.
CHO—O! the prospect, &c.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Gliding from underneath the throne;
There, too, the Saviour lives forever,
And He'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you walk 'mid the trees by the river,
With the friends you have loved by your side?
Would you sing the new song of redeemed ones?
Then be ready to follow your guide.

# 19.

*Holden.* L. M.

COME, Jesus, Master, Sun divine!
On these baptismal waters shine.
Thy light, Thy love, Thy life impart,
And fill each consecrated heart.

2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood;
O plunge us in Thy cleansing blood!
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with Thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

# 20.

*Greenville.* 8s & 7s.

COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of God's unchanging love.



2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my grateful heart to Thee.
Love of Jesus! yes, I feel it!
Praise to Thee, the God I love!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

# 21.

*J. H. 89—Coventry.* C. M.

COME, ye that know and love the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold His patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 O may we now, while pilgrims here,
This best of blessings prove:
In future ages,—to the world—
Proclaim that "God is love."

## 22.

DARE to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work which no other can do;
Do it so kindly, so bravely, so well,
'Twill gladden all heaven, and silence all hell.

CHO—Dare! dare! dare to be right!
Dare! dare! dare to be true!
Dare to be true! dare to be true.

2 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Foes may be many, and friends may be few.
Truth and her champions the world will disown,
Stand by her banner although you'er alone.

3 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cowards and bigots dread everything new.
Evil loves darkness; but true men shall see;
Whom truth has unshackled, the Son shall make free.

4 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.



5 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew;
Let the dew fail, for then showers will be given—
Dew is from earth, but the showers are from Heaven.

6 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God who created you cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

7 Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right?

## 23.

*J. H.* 264—*Richland.* 11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from Thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
Daughter of Zion! &c.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
Daughter of Zion! &c.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.
Daughter of Zion, &c.

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## 24.

L. M.

DEAR Saviour, we Thy will obey;
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honor Thine appointed rite;

2 O, sacred rite! by Thee to own
The name of Jesus we begin;
This is our resurrection pledge—
And symbol of our hope in Him.

3 We count ourselves as dead to sin
Now to be buried with our Lord;
O plunge us in the cleansing blood,
To rise renewed, to live to God.



4 No more let sin and Satan reign
Over our bodies reckoned dead;
But overcoming day by day,
Grow up into our living Head.

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## 25.

*China.* C. M.

DEATH'S not the "Gate of Paradise,"
Nor "opening key" to Heaven;
Nor a bright "angel from the skies,"
Or "friend" in mercy given.

2 Death to the saint is not the hour
When Christ his Lord doth come,
In all the glory of His power,
To waft him to His home.

3 Nature will mourn departing friends,
And shake at death's alarms;
'Tis not "the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms."

4 No! 'tis a dark and cruel foe,
Which has invaded earth;
And to distress, and fear, and woe
Intense, hath given birth.

5 Not when we fall, but when we rise,
Shall we in triumph sing:—
O grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O death, thy sting?

6 For Death and He who hath its power,
Shall be at last destroyed,
And saints no more, O, joyful hour!
Will be by them annoyed.

## 26.

*W. H.* 102.

FADE! fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Absent the resting place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
He is my only stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but an aching void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!



4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome, ye mansions blest!
Welcome, a Saviour's breast!
Jesus is mine!

## 27.

*Dundee.* C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

## 28.

*J. H.* 59—*Naomi.* C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My every hour attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

## 29.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 18.

FREE from the law, oh happy condition,
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;
Curs'd by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all, oh, sinner, receive it,
Once for all, oh, brother, believe it;
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;
"Come unto me," oh, hear His sweet call,
Come, and He saves us once for all.



3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at His call,
Blessed salvation once for all.

## 30.

*Wells.* L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## 31.

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows
from every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath Thy mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed!
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns Thy mercy-seat.

## 32.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 73.

FULLY persuaded, Lord, I believe!
Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give:
I will obey Thy call;
Low at Thy feet I fall;
Gladly surrender all,
Christ to receive.

2 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!
Fully persuaded—pass me not by;
Just as I am, I come,
I will no longer roam,
O make my heart Thy home;
Save, or I die!

3 Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest;
Jesus is now my Guide,



I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4 Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,—
Saviour divine!

## 33.

*J. H.* 266—*Edinburg.* 11s

GLAD tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
Our glorious Deliverer will soon, soon appear;
In clouds of bright glory, to our rescue He'll come,
And angels will hail us to our heavenly home.

CHO.—Hallelujah, Amen,
Hallelujah, Amen,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!

2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near;
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;
With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise
To Jesus, our Saviour, in accents of praise.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the Kingdom is near;
Rejoice then, ye pilgrims, your redemption is near;
The promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

## 34.

*Ward.* L. M.

GOD is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

3 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls;

## 35.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 31.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all.



CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall be to you given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph now in every hour,
Through Christ the Lord our King.

## 36.

*Arlington.* C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

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# 37.

C. M.

GOD'S hand that saves, though kind,
seems rough;
His methods just, but rude;
Frail shrinking nature cries "Enough,"
Yet proves the Lord is good.



2 The chiseled stone, had it a voice,
Would cry, "You hurt me sore;"
The sculptor seeks its perfectness,
And trims it more and more.

3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows,
The shapeless mass appears;
Symmetric, polished, beautiful,
To stand a thousand years.

4 The beaten sheaves, all threshed and torn,
And trampled under feet,
Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er,
Their grains of golden wheat.

5 Out of the crushed and mangled grapes,
Comes forth the sparkling wine;
If God but still my portion is,
Be such experience mine.

6 Kept while the furnace heated white,
Shall purge the dross away;
Thy judgements, Lord, are true and right,
And brighter every day.

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# 38.

*Tune—Zion.*

GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 As I near the time of trouble,
Bid my faith in Thee increase;
While the thousands round are falling,
Keep me, keep in perfect peace;
Refuge! Fortress!
Thou hast set Thy love on me.

## 39.

*J. H.* 320—*Hail to the Brightness.* 11s & 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accent of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her glad reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 See! in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.



4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean;
Praise to Jehova ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

## 40.

*Thou Knowest that I Love Thee.* 7s, 6s & 4s.

HARK! hark! hear the blest tidings;
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
Robed, robed in honor and glory,
To gather His ransomed ones home;
Yes, yes, O yes,
To gather His ransomed ones home.

2 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine, visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

3 Long, long we have been waiting,
We who love His dear name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
"Jesus is here," to proclaim.

## 41.

*J. H.* 248—*Harwell.*

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

3 King of glory! reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou shalt call Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

## 42.

*J. H.* 290—*Jesus is There.*

HASTE, my dull soul, arise,
Shake off thy care;
Press for the promised prize,
Mighty in prayer.
Christ, He has gone before,
Count all thy sufferings o'er;
He all thy burdens bore—
Jesus is there.

2 Souls for the marriage feast,
Robed and prepared—
Holy must be such guests;
Jesus is there!



Saints, wear your victory palms,
Chant your celestial psalms;
Bride of the Lamb, Thy charms
O! let me wear.

3 Kings for the promised throne,
Crowns we shall wear;
Christ reigns, but not alone,
We soon shall share,
O ye despised ones, come!
Pilgrims no more we'll roam;
Sweetly we'll rest at home—
Jesus is there.

## 43.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 32.

HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

CHO.—More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;

Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the power the spirit shows,
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

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## 44.

*W. H.* 105—*Aletta.* 7s.

HEAVENLY Father, I would wear
Angel garments, white and fair;
Angel vesture undefiled,
Wilt Thou give unto Thy child?

2 Take the raiment soiled away,
That I wear with shame to-day;
Clothe me in my angel dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

3 Let me wear the white robes here,
E'en on earth, my Father dear;
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.



## 45.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 52.

HE leadeth me, O! blessed thought!
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me,
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor never murmur nor repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

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## 46.

*J. H.* 256. 10s, 8s & 7s.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.

For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest—There is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around!
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame,
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in His word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They will be called to receive their reward;
Then there is rest—there is rest.

4 This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—
Then there is rest—there is rest.



## 47.

*Arnheim.* L. M.

HIGH in the Heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
Mid earthly woes we sweetly rest,
Under the shadow of Thy wings.

## 48.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 16.

HO! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHO.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow.
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

## 49.

*Arlington.* C. M.

HOPE of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our fears away.

2 We've waited long, we're waiting still;
Longing with Thee to be.
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

3 O, the thought of sharing, Lord,
Thy glory from above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?



4 What to the joy—the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head—
Of fellowship with Thee?

5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;
But when Thou, Lord, shalt come,
We'll learn the fullness of Thy love,
In our eternal home.

6 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed Bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
Who died to make her free.

7 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at Thy feet?

## 50.

*J. H.* 194—*Christ our Pilot.* 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As Thy days may demand shall Thy strength ever be.

3 When through deep waters I call Thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake.

## 51.

*G. H.* 91. 11s.

HOW happy, how glorious, how joyful to feel
The love that's immortal with heavenly zeal;
The love that is perfect, the love that is pure,
That we may with patience all things well endure.

2 I want to feel little, more simple, more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child;
More humble, more thankful, more lovely in mind,
More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.



3 I want the pure wisdom that comes from above,
The harmless, quiet nature, so much like a dove;
I want the sweet spirit of Jesus, my Lord,
And perfect accordance with His blessed word.

4 I want to be stripped from all human pride;
All anger and malice I would lay aside;
From sin and its bondage I would be set free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only to Thee.

## 52.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, our Saviour, Husband, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest and King,
Our hearts in gratitude ascend,
Accept the praise we bring.

4 We would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And sound the music of Thy name
Abroad through all the earth.

5 Weak is the effort of each heart,
And cold our warmest thought,
But when we see Thee as Thou art,
We'll praise Thee as we ought.

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## 53.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 25.

I AM so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given.
Wonderful things in the Bible I see:
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

4 If one should ask of me, "How can you tell?"
Glory to Jesus I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.



5 I know He will keep me in hope if I sleep,
And kindly watch o'er me tho' others may weep;
And on that bright morn when the shadows all flee,
I'll wake in His likeness because He loves me.

6 O, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

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## 54.

*H. M.* 38.

I AM waiting, ever waiting,
For a brighter, better day,
Just beyond the clouds and shadows,
That surround my lonely way;
For a day of light and gladness,
Such as earth has never known,
When in equity and justice,
Christ shall reign on David's throne.

2 All the prophets of past ages,
Saw its brightness from afar,
And in words sublime have spoken
Of the peace and glory there.
They have slept in those green valleys,
Which in weariness they trod,
Soon they'll come with songs of triumph,
To the holy mount of God.

3 Now the world is full of suffering,
Sounds of woe fall on my ears,
Sights of wretchedness and sorrow,
Fill my eyes with pitying tears.
'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping,
Wrong and evil triumph now,
I can wait, for just before me
Beams the morning's roseate glow.

4 I am waiting, hoping, praying
For Messiah's glorious reign,
For I know He'll rule in justice,
Right and truth will triumph then.
Worldly pleasures cannot win me,
While I wait for that bright day,
Worldly splendor cannot charm me,
While its light beams on my way.

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# 55.

*J. H.* 271.—*Commuck.* P. M.

IF I in Thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image of Thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
The fetters of flesh and be free.

2 I know this stained tablet must first be washed white,
To let Thy bright features be drawn;
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,
To welcome the coming of dawn.



3 O! I shall be satisfied when I can cast
The shadow of nature all by,
When this cold, dreary world from my vision is passed,
To dwell 'neath an unclouded sky.

4 And O! the blest morning already is here;
The shadows of nature do fade;
And soon in Thy likeness I'll with Thee appear,
In glory and beauty arrayed.

5 When on Thine own image in me Thou hast smiled,
Within Thy blest mansion, and when
The arms of my Father encircle His child,
O! I shall be satisfied then.

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# 56.

*W. H.* 12.

I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO—O, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fulness bestow—
Oh, believe, and receive, and confess Him,
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That only the virgins can sing:—
"All nations shall worship and bow at Thy feet,
To th' honor and praise of our King."

## 57.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 15.

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.



CHO.—And that will be glory for me,
Oh, that will be glory for me,
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harp's glad ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

CHO.—And that will be music for me,
Oh, that will be music for me,
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

CHO.—And that will be heaven for me,
Oh, that will be heaven for me,
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

## 58.

*G. H. & S. Songs, page* 40.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus, and His glory;
Of Jesus, and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams:
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet;
I love to tell the Story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.



4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

## 59.

*I'm a Traveler.* 7s & 4s.

I'M a lonely trav'ler here,
Weary, oppres't;
But my journey's end is near;
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay;
Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here—
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band;
All, all are there.

Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

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## 60.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 5.

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most precious Lord!
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

Ref.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
With me dear Lord abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.



## 61.

*W. H.* 34.

IN God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge, nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

Cho.—Oh, what comfort it brings,
My soul sweetly sings:
I am safe from all danger
While under His wings.

2 I dread not the terror by night,
No sorrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and pow'r of our Lord.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

6 His truth is my buckler and shield;
His love He hath set upon me;
His name in my heart He hath sealed;
E'en now His salvation I see.

## 62.

*W. H.* 59—*G. H & S. Songs, page* 7.

IN some way or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet in His own way,
"The Lord will provide."

CHO.—Then, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet, in His *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Depend then no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken.
"The Lord will provide."

## 63.

*W H.* 69.

I STAND all astonished with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.



CHO.—The Cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all:
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now present,
The light of His face is on me;
O listen! beloved, He speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee."

## 64.

*J. H.* 257. *W. H.* 76. 8s & 7s.

JESUS, I my cross have have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distresss me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Soon 'twill bring the sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me,
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain;
I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?



## 65. *Martyn.* 7s.

JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive me home at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All I need, in Thee I find
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Thou of life the fountain art!
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

## 66. *Antioch.* C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

## 67.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined
To celebrate with me—
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
For Jesus came the world to save.

3 O, for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all the world my Saviour died.



## 68.

C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my thoughts be joys like these,
Since I have found the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

## 69.

*A Thousand Years.*

LIFT up your heads, desponding pilgrims,
Give to the winds your needless fears;
He who hath died on Calvary's mountain,
Soon is to reign a thousand years.

CHO.—A thousand years earth's coming glory—
'Tis the glad day so long foretold:
'Tis the bright morn of Zion's glory,
Prophets foresaw in times of old.

2 Tell the whole world these blessed tidings,
Speak of the time of rest that nears;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

3 What if the clouds do for a moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears:
Soon the glad sun of promise given,
Rises to shine a thousand years.

4 Haste thee along ages of glory,
Haste the glad time when Christ appears.
Oh, for the faith of ancient worthies;
Oh, for that reign of a thousand years.

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## 70.

*Nazareth.* C. M.

LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn Thy truth,
Be Thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once Thou didst Thy word expound
To those who walked with Thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see.

3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.



4 Help us each other to assist;
Thy spirit now impart;
Keep humble, but with love inflame,
To Thee and Thine, each heart.

5 Thus may Thy Word be dearer still,
And studied more, each day;
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

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## 71.

*W. H.* 94.

LIKE the sound of many waters
Rolling on, through ages long;
In a tide of rapture breaking—
Hark! the mighty choral song!

CHO.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Let the heavenly portals ring!
Christ has come, the King of glory!
Christ the Lord, Messiah, King.

2 Lo! the Morning Star appeareth,
O'er the world His beams are cast;
He the Alpha and Omega,
He, the Great, the First, the Last;
Hallelujah, etc.

3 Clap your hands with exultation!
Sing aloud, rejoice with mirth,
Peace her silver wing hath folded:—
Lo! she comes to dwell on earth!
Hallelujah, etc.

4 Saviour, not with costly treasure,
Do we gather at Thy throne,
All we have, our hearts we give Thee,—
Consecrate them Thine alone.
Hallelujah, etc.

## 72.

*Millersburg.* 8s & 7s.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Fill, with perfect love, each heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation—
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we see Thine own dear face;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.



## 73.

*Ortonville.* C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned,
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His Head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 His promises, exceeding great,
His words, are true and sure;
And on this Rock our faith may rest
Immovable, secure.

5 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine:
I cannot wish for more.

## 74.

8s & 7s.

MANY sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.

From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

CHO.—Many sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair.
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flow'r we cherished so.

3 Yes, they sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In that bright eternal city,
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call them
From their rest to home, sweet home.

## 75. *Sweet Home.* 11s.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To know at the banquet of mercy there's room,



And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though having Thy presence wherever I roam
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home.
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

## 76.

*Our King is Marching on. Tune—John Brown's Song.*

MINE eyes can see the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the winepress where His grapes of wrath are stored,
I see the flaming tempest of His swift descending sword.
Our King is marching on.

CHO.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

2 I can see His coming judgments, as they circle all the earth,
The signs and groanings promised, to precede a second birth;
I read His righteous sentence, in the crumbling thrones of earth:
Our King is marching on. CHO.

3 The "Gentile times" are closing; for their kings have had their day.
And with them sin and sorrow will forever pass away;
For the tribe of Judah's "*Lion*" now comes to hold the sway.
Our King is marching on. CHO.

4 In the beauty of the Gospel Christ has offered mercy free,
And the glory of His loving heart transforms both you and me;
And now He takes the Sceptre and shall reign from sea to sea.
Our King is marching on. CHO.

5 The seventh trump is sounding, and our King knows no defeat.
He will sift out the hearts of men before His Judgment Seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to welcome Him, be jubilant my feet.
Our King is marching on. CHO.



## 77.

*W. H.* 100.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to vail his Face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail. CHO.

3 His oath, His cov'nant and His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. CHO.

## 78.

*W. H.* 22.

MY life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation.
I catch the sweet, not far-off hymn
That hails a "New Creation;"
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?

2 What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth,
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

## 79.

*Laban.* S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the prize.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast gained thy crown.



## 80.

*W. H.* 40.

NAUGHT of merit or of price,
Remains to justice due;
Jesus died, and paid it all—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all.
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stooped down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was His cry.

3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be,
Work for Him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for thee.

4 Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.

## 81.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet even here I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 Now let my way appear,
Onward to heaven,
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

## 82.

NOT to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give,

2 The time past of our lives,
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshey will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought.



3 No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show;
Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
Of life, we shall not know.

4 Dead to the world, and all
Its gayety and pride;
To its vain pomp and beauty be
Forever crucified.

5 When He who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We, too, shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like His own.

6 Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then;
Our sky without a single cloud,
Ourselves without a stain.

7 Like Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.

## 83.

*G. H.* 47.—*W. H.* 24.

OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide open for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His Grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph o'er death in the "Mighty to Save."

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## 84.

*Ariel.* C. P. M.

O COULD we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine!
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.



2 We'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His Throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
We would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

3 O, the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see His face!
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in His Grace.

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## 85.

*Hallowell.* C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, what e'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

## 86.

*Colchester.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

## 87.

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.



3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks—and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

## 88.

*Ariel.* C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me, even here, to feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
He'll keep His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

## 89.

*J. H.* 340.—*Come Away.* P. M.

O HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home;
O hail, happy day!
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest! O hail, happy day!

2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;
The Jubilee proclaims us free;
O hail, happy day!
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease! O hail, happy day!

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,
O hail, happy day!
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory! O hail, happy day!

4 We hail Thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,
O hail, happy day!
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes
The joys of Paradise! O hail, happy day!



5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness,
And Eden bloom without a tomb,
O hail, happy day!
Where life's pellucid water's glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide! O hail, happy day!

## 90.

C. M.

O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them with His word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead His love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name;
And we can witness to His praise;
His love is still the same.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And keep us, wholly Thine.

## 91.

*The Convert, or Home of the Soul.* 12s & 9s.

O HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love.

2 That sweet comfort is mine,
Since the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
Even angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song:
O that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

## 92.

*G. H.* 75.—*Substitution.*

ONE offer of salvation,
To all the world make known;



The only sure foundation
Is Christ, the Corner Stone.

CHO.—No other name is given,
No other way is known,
'Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last,
He saves, and He alone.

2 Only one door to heaven,
Stands open wide to-day,
One sacrifice is given,
'Tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story,
Is—Jesus died for me;
My only hope for glory,
The Cross of Calvary.

## 93.

*W. H.* 37.—*Above All.*

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed His blood?
But our Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

## 94.

ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him?
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourself entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all our sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4 Pause, my soul! adore and wonder,
Oh, how He loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh, how He loves!



Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation,
O, how He loves!

## 95.

*Only Waiting.* 8s & 7s.

ONLY waiting till the dawning
Is a little brighter grown,
Only waiting till the shadows
Of the world's dark night are flown
Till the shadows all shall vanish,
In the blessed, blessed day;
For the morn, at last, is breaking
Through the twilight, soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the presence
Of the Sun of Righteousness,
Shall dispel the noxious vapors,
Ignorance, and prejudice.
Till the glory of the sunlight,
Of the bright Millenial day,
Scatters all the powers of darkness;
Lights the gloom with healing ray.

3 Waiting for the Restitution,
Promised in the Holy Word;
When a once-lost race restored, shall
Know and love their Saviour Lord.
When each man shall love his fellow;
Justice give, to great and small;
Dwell in love, and dwell in Jesus;
He in us, God all in all.

## 96.

*W. H.* 19.

OH, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me:
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthron'd within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

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## 97.

*J. H.* 208.—*Bailey.*

O SOON we'll sing the depth of matchless love,
Why Christ, why Christ our King was slain;
As onward ages ceaseless move,
Eternally we'll reign.



Come, Saviour, let Thy reign begin,
Come, still each note of war;
We sigh to sing an end of sin,
In praise that sounds, that sounds afar.

2 We pray and long to see the morning dawn,
The bright, the bright eternal day,
When tears are wiped and sorrows gone,
And darkness fled away.
May glowing love inspire our hearts,
And praise our tongues employ;
We'll watch and pray, till time departs,
Then strike the harps, the harps of joy.

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## 98.

*W. H.* 29.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
‖: I will praise Thee :‖
Where shall I Thy praise begin.

2 Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
‖: Soul and body :‖
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying —
Glory to the great I Am,
I with them will still be vying—

Glory! glory to the Lamb!
‖: O how precious :‖
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
‖: Hallelujah :‖
Love and praise to Christ belong!

## 99.

*W. H.* 109.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost Thou, at noontide, resort with Thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 No longer I wander, an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread;
My table is furnished with heavenly food;
My soul feasts, dear Lord, on Thy word.



## 100.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 71.

OH, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

CHO.—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will,
Willing, should He not require me
In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world my Saviour might see.
Rather be nothing, nothing,—
To Him let their voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is most to be praised.

## 101

8s & 7s.

PILGRIM wake! behold the morning
Long foretold by holy seers,
Gilds the heaven with its dawning,
Wake! the long-sought morn appears.
Blessed day, so full of glory,
Holy prophets sang of Thee;
Rapturous in poetic story
Soon the pure in heart will see.

2 See! the "Morning Star" is beaming
Bright upon the gilded sky.
Oh! what rays of light are gleaming,
Shout aloud, Redemption's nigh.
Sing ye now who have been weeping
Through a long night dark and drear,
Who, while lonely vigils keeping,
Long'd to see the day appear.

3 Now, with all your might and power,
Watch and trim your lamps with care;
Gird your loins, and wait the hour
Christ shall call His virgin fair.
Then, with all the saints, adorned
With their brilliant diadems,
See the King in beauty crowned,
In the New Jerusalem.

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## 102.

*Sicily.* 8s & 7s.

PRAISE to Him, by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears!
May its sweet, reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.



2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of Thy appearing
May we share Thy people's part.

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## 103.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 51.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
"In the way which thou shalt go
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

2 When temptations, almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

## 104.

*W. H.* 101.

PRECIOUS Saviour, Thou hast saved me;
Thine, and only Thine I am;
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory, to the Lamb.

CHO.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.—CHO.

3 Consecrated to Thy service,
While I live I'll live to Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory
Of salvation full and free.—CHO.

4 Yes, I will stand up for Jesus:
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleanses from inbred corruption,
Sanctifies and makes me whole.—CHO.

5 Trusting, trusting every moment;
Kept from sin by power Divine;
Have I love? Thou didst impart it,
Have I light? the light is Thine.—CHO.

6 Glory to the blood that bought me,
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the blood that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!—CHO.



## 105.

*J. H.* 258.—*Millenial Glory.*

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The Gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious Jubilee.
Rejoice, &c.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, &c.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign;
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, &c

## 106.

*Aletta.*

ROCK of ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

## 107.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 6.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations
Sin cannot harm me there.



Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge;
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait, for the night is o'er;
Wait, for I see the morning
Breaks, and I'm safe evermore.

## 108.

*Sabbath Morn.* 7s.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day—
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show Thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

## 109.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 49.*

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power:
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in bliss,
In a brighter, brighter world than this.

4 Then I'll see what Thou hast wrought;
Then I'll love Thee, love Thee as I ought:
Looking back, I praise the way,
Thou hast led me, led me day by day.



## 110.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 27.*

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 Jesus, our Mercy-seat,
Covering me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Saviour, to Thee;
Help me the Cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee!

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!

And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

## 111.

*Boylston.* S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conquerer.

2 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

## 112.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 100.

SO let our lips and lives express
The Holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
That all may know that we are Thine.



2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

## 113.

*What a Friend we have in Jesus: New Tune.*

SON of man, Thou mighty reaper,
With the glorious crown of gold;
Thou who wakest every sleeper
Resting 'neath the green earth's mold;
Thrust Thy sickle, take earth's treasures,
For the harvest time is come;
Take them, Lord, from their long slumbers,
Take them to their heavenly home.

2 Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
And proclaimed Messiah's birth,
Once again you're called from heaven,
Once again you're called from home,
For "the reapers are the angels,"
And the harvest time is come.

3 Earth is burdened, and the clusters
Of the vine are ripening fast;
Gather them, and bind in bundles,
For the winepress of His wrath.

Last of all, the wheat that's standing,
Must be gathered to His barn,
And the mystery of translation,
Without tasting death, shall learn.

## 114.

*Coronation.* C. M.

SOON all shall hail our Jesus' name,
Angels shall prostrate fall;
For Him the brightest glory claim,
And hail Him Lord of all.

2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,
And, as they sound it, fall
Before His face, who formed their choir,
And hail Him Lord of all.

3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall praise Him for His wondrous grace,
And hail Him Lord of all.

4 Gentiles shall come—and every king
Throughout this earthly ball,
To Zion come—and tribute bring,
And hail Him Lord of all.

## 115.

*J. H.* 248.—*Harwell.*

SOON shall countless hearts and voices
Sing the song of Jubilee;
Redemption's song, the song of Moses,
Earth's new song of liberty.
Hail, Messiah! great Deliverer!
Hail, Messiah! praise to Thee!



2 O, the rapturous, blissful story,
Spoken to Immanuel's praise:
And the strains so full of glory,
That immortal voices raise!
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth through endless days.

3 While our crowns of glory casting
At His feet, in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Earth's desire, and Israel's boast.

4 Yes, He reigns; the great Messiah,
In millenial glory crowned;
Israel's hope and earth's desire,
Now triumphant and renowned.
Hail, Messiah! reign forever!
Hail, Immanuel! Lord of all!

## 116.

*Tune—Webb.* 7s & 6s. Key B Flat.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

## 117.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 74.*

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖



2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

## 118.

*Hingham.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep His counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy!

## 119.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 69.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet;
King of Kings we soon shall crown Him,
When our journey is complete.



## 120.

*Uxbridge.* L. M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise
'Round all the earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 In coming ages Thou shalt bless,
And through the world Thy truth shall run,
Till Christ all nations shall confess,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

## 121.

*Balerma.* C. M.

THE Lord, our Saviour, will appear,
His day is now at hand;
The signs make known His presence here,
"The wise shall understand."

2 He comes to take His power and reign
On earth with all His saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
Will end our long complaints.

3 The prince of darkness He'll destroy;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow;
Satan shall then no more annoy,
But Christ shall reign below.

4 Then those who suffered in His name,
And did obey His word,
Shall rise in glory and proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.

5 The wonders of that happy age
What mortal can declare?
We view with joy the sacred page,
For we can read them there.

## 122.

*J. H.* 140.—*Bremen.* C. P. M.

THE night is spent—the morning ray
Comes ushering in the glorious day,
The promised time to rest;
Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear,
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
Proclaiming tidings blest.

2 The harvest of the earth is ripe,
The dead who sleep in Christ awake
In likeness of their Lord.
To life immortal they arise,
Inheriters of paradise,
Where death finds no abode.

3 Stupendous scene! those men of old,
Prophets, who have the story told
Of this transcendent day;
The patriarchs, apostles too,
Who lived and died with this in view
Are now in light arrayed.



4 Now satisfied, for like their Lord,
Whose promise shines within the word,
Not written there in vain:
A glittering host, like stars on high,
In glory and in majesty,
They soon on earth shall reign.

## 123.

L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See! from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before Him, and adore.

## 124.

*W. H.* 104.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

CHO.—Search the Scriptures, search and see;
These, said Jesus, speak of me.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven.
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## 125.

*G. H. page* 78.

THERE is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, brother, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.



CHO.—Look! look! look and live!
There is life in a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul;
Then helpless look up, like the palsied of old,
Christ Jesus, He maketh thee whole.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared—
Jesus Christ tasted death for us all;
And again, in the end of the age, He'll appear,
And restore what was lost by the fall.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

## 126.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 42.

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin;
The light of the world is Jesus;

Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,
The light of the world is Jesus.

CHO.—Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me.
Once I was blind, but now I can see;
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sun in the city to come,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
The nations shall walk in the Light of the Lamb,
The Light of that world is Jesus.

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## 127.

*J. H.* 186.—*Saviour Haste.* 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow Me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from Thy burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow Thee.



2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to Thee;
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

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## 128.

*Northfield.* C. M.

TIME hastens on; ye longing saints
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sov'reign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many months their course shall run
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.

## 129.

*Amboy.* 7s.

WAKE the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sov'reign power.

2 All the nations join and sing:—
Praise your Saviour, praise your King,
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of Kings!"

4 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Thrones and kingdoms pass away.

5 Wake the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"



## 130.

*St. John's.* C. M.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

## 131.

*Buchanan.* 8s & 7s.

WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes! arise! look 'round thee—
Light is breaking in the skies!
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
Morning dawns! arise! arise!

2 Watchman, hail the light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year,
All with voices loud portending
That the kingdom's very near.
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its cloudless skies.

3 Watchman, see! the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers!
On! just yonder, O, how cheering,
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air!
See the angels! hear them singing!
Soon the Pilgrims will be there!

# 132.

7s.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!



Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

# 133.

*J. H.* 307.—*Alarm.*

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the rumbling in the nations,
Iron treading down the clay;
Hark! what soundeth? 'tis creation
Groaning for the better day.

2 Will ye play then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Satan seeks thee for an ally,
With his snares he'd thee entwine.
Rouse thee! rouse thee! day is breaking,
Glory lights the eastern sky;
From thy soul the languor shaking
Wake, for lo, redemption's nigh.

3 Scoffers scorning, Heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
See prophetic truth unfolding,
Watch! and keep thy garments white.
O, let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

## 134.

*H. M.* 36.

WE are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright, prophetic day;
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.

CHO.—We are waking, for 'tis morning,
And the beauteous day is dawning,
We are happy, for 'tis morning,
See! the shadows flee away.
Lo! He comes! see the King draw near!
Zion, shout, the Lord is here.

2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day;
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.—CHO.

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day;
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
CHO.



4 We are watching, we are wating,
For the bright Millenial day;
When the shadows, weary shadows,
Shall for ever pass away.—CHO.

## 135.

*G. H.* 27 *&* *W. H.* 57.

WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
Who died for our sins, and ascended above.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, hallelujah, amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, He cometh again.

We praise Thee, O God, for the Spirit of light,
That shines on Thy pages, and scatters our night.—CHO.

We praise Thee, O God, that the kingdom is near,
That the Saviour has come, and will shortly appear.—CHO.

## 136.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 9.

WE shall meet beyond the river,
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over,
By and by, by and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story,
By and by, by and by;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;
Christ the bridegroom who had gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

## 137.

*Illinois.* 8s & 7s.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus;
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!



O, what peace we often forfeit!
O, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## 138.

C. M.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah; these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing!

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because, of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprized.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.

5 What! is there, then, no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

## 139.

*Howard.* C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?—
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!



## 140.

*Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page* 95.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Overcomers, overcomers,
Who love Him supremely,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

## 141.

*Duke Street.—Ward.* L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in Thy death, Thou Just and Good!
All the vain things which charm me most,
I leave them for Thy precious love.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

## 142.

*J. H.* 303.—*Gospel Freedom.* 8s & 7s.

YE who know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left upon record?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin;
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned and died;
On the cross, the healing fountain
Gushed from His wounded side.

3 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.



None but holy ones can enter
That bright city soon to come;
Judge thyself, then, scan thy actions,
Live for truth and find a home.

## 143.

*Bannockburn.* 7s & 5s.

YE who rose to meet the Lord,
Ventured on His faithful word;
Faint not now, for your reward
Will be quickly given.
Faint not! always watch and pray;
Jesus does no more delay;
Even now 'tis dawn of day;
Day-star beams from heaven.

2 Would ye to the end endure?
Keep the wedding garment pure;
Claim ye still the promise sure,
Faithful is the Lord.
Let your lamps be burning bright;
In God's word is beaming light;
Live by faith, and not by sight;
Crowns are your reward.

3 Marriage supper, now prepared,
By the guests will then be shared,
In fair righteous robes arrayed,
Like the bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name!
Sound aloud the glad acclaim;
To the Lamb that once was slain,
Alleluias bring!

# 144.

C. M.

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity, and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here,
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

4 O Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove,
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Be ye holy; for I am holy. 1 Pet. 1: 16.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. 1 Cor. 3: 16-17.

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## Watchfulness.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all, *Watch.* Mark 13: 37.

If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I shall come upon thee. Rev. 3: 3.

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Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Eph. 4: 13.


| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| Am I soldier of the cross | 8 |
| Behold what wondrous grace | 12 |
| Come thou fount of every blessing | 20 |
| Dare to be right, dare to be true | 22 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss | 28 |
| Have you on the Lord believed | 43 |
| Heavenly Father, I would wear | 44 |
| I need Thee every hour | 60 |
| Jesus, I my cross have taken | 64 |
| My soul, be on thy guard | 79 |
| Nearer, my God, to Thee | 81 |
| O for a faith that will not shrink | 85 |
| O for a heart to praise my God | 86 |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me | 106 |
| Saviour, more than life to me | 109 |
| Savior, Thy dying love | 110 |
| Soldiers of Christ, arise | 111 |
| So let our lips and lives express | 112 |
| Walk in the light, so shalt thou know | 130 |
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## Confidence and Trust.

I will say of the *Lord, He is my Refuge* and my fortress: my God: *In Him will I trust.* Ps. 91: 2.


| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| A fountain in Jesus which runs always free | 2 |
| Come thou fount of every blessing | 20 |





| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| Dare to be right, dare to be true | 22 |
| Fade, fade, each earthly joy | 26 |
| Free from the law, O happy condition | 29 |
| God is the refuge of His saints | 34 |
| God moves in a mysterious way | 36 |
| God's hand that saves | 37 |
| He leadeth me! O, blessed thought | 45 |
| Here, o'er the earth as a stranger I roam | 46 |
| High in the Heavens, eternal God | 47 |
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| I am so glad that our Father in Heaven | 53 |
| I need Thee every hour | 60 |
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| In some way or other | 62 |
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Ye who rose to meet the LORD..... 143

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Be careful for nothing; but in everything by *Prayer* and *Supplication* with *Thanksgiving* let your requests be made known unto God. Phil. 4: 6.

*Bless the Lord*, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy name. Ps. 103: 1.

HYMN.
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All Hail the power of Jesus' name..... 7
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Come thou fount of every blessing..... 20
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Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah..... 38
Have you on the LORD believed..... 43
How happy, how glorious..... 51
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..... 52
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I need Thee every hour..... 60
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 65
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My hope is built on nothing less..... 77



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My life flows on in endless song..... 78
O could we speak the matchless worth..... 84
O for a faith that will not shrink..... 85
O for a heart to praise my God..... 86
O for a thousand tongues to sing..... 87
O happy they..... 90
O how happy are they..... 91
One offer of salvation..... 92
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O Thou God of my salvation..... 98
Praise to Him through whose kind favor... 102
Rejoice! rejoice! the promised time..... 105
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Safely through another week..... 108
Saviour, more than life to me..... 108
Soon shall all hail our Jesus' name..... 114
Soon shall countless hearts and voices..... 115
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Sweet is the work, my God, my King..... 117
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There is a God—all nature speaks..... 123
There's a wideness in God's mercy..... 124
Wake the song of Jubilee..... 129
We praise Thee, O God..... 135
What a friend we have in Jesus..... 139
When all Thy mercies, O my God..... 139
When I survey the wondrous Cross..... 141

## Warfare and Victory.

Thou therefore *endure hardness as a good Soldier* of Jesus Christ. * * * For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Hin; *if we suffer we shall also reign with Him*: if we deny Him, He also

will deny us: if we believe not, yet *He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself.* 2 Tim. 2:3, 11–13.


| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| Am I a soldier of the Cross | 8 |
| Dare to be right, dare to be true | 22 |
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| Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam | 46 |
| Ho! my comrads, see the signal | 48 |
| How firm a foundation ye saints | 50 |
| If I in Thy likeness, O LORD, may awake | 55 |
| In God I have found a retreat | 61 |
| My soul be on thy guard | 79 |
| O for a faith that will not shrink | 85 |
| Soldiers of Christ arise | 111 |
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| We shall meet beyond the river | 136 |
| What poor despised company | 138 |


## Prospect and Inheritance.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto *a living hope* by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, *to an inheritance incorruptible* and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation *ready to be revealed* in the last time. 1 Pet. 1: 3–5.


| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| Beautiful home of the blest | 11 |
| Behold, what wondrous grace | 12 |
| Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake! | 16 |
| Christian, the morn breaks sweetly | 17 |
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| Fade! fade! each earthly joy | 26 |
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| Haste my dull soul, arise | 42 |
| I'm a lonely traveler here | 59 |
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| Mid scenes of confusion | 75 |
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| We are watching, we are waiting | 134 |
| We shall meet beyond the river | 136 |
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| Ye who rose to meet your Lord | 143 |


## Death and Resurrection.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, *concerning them which are asleep*, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope. For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which *sleep* in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you *by the word of the Lord*, that we who are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them who are *asleep*. For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and *so* shall we ever be with the Lord. *Wherefore comfort one another with these words.* 1 Thess. 4: 13–18.

| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep | 9 |
| Death's not the "Gate of Paradise." | 25 |
| If I in Thy likeness O Lord may awake | 55 |
| Like the sound of many waters | 71 |
| Many sleep, but not forever | 74 |
| Son of man, Thou mighty Reaper | 113 |
| The night is spent, the morning ray | 122 |
| When He cometh, when He cometh | 140 |


## The Restitution.

He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you, whom the Heaven must receive until *The times of Restitution of all things*, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began. Acts 3: 20, 21.

And to this agree the words of the prophets; as it is written. After this *I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David*, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up, *that the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles* upon whom my name is called, *saith the Lord*, who doeth all these things. Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world. Acts 15: 15–18.


| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| Blow ye the trumpet, blow | 15 |
| God loved the world of sinners lost | 35 |
| Hail to the brightness | 39 |
| I am waiting, ever waiting | 54 |
| Joy to the world, the Lord is come | 66 |
| Lift up your heads, desponding Pilgrims | 69 |
| Mine eyes can see the glory | 76 |
| My life flows on in endless song | 78 |
| O hail happy day | 89 |
| One offer of salvation | 92 |
| Only waiting till the dawning | 95 |





| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
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| Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name | 114 |
| Soon shall countless hearts and voices | 115 |
| The Lord our Saviour will appear | 121 |
| Wake the song of Jubilee | 129 |
| Watchman tell us of the night | 132 |
| We are watching, we are waiting | 134 |


## The Day of the Lord.

And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a *time of trouble, such as never was, since there was a nation*, even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book. * * * And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. * * * Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: *and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand.* Dan. 12: 2, 3, 10.

Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near: let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong. * * * Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe, * * * for their wickedness is great. Joel 3: 9, 10, 13.

And the Angel thrust in his sickle into the earth, and cast it into the great winepress of the wrath of God. Rev. 14: 19.

The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him. Amos 5: 19.

For before these days there was no hire for man, nor any hire for beast; neither was there any peace to him that went out or came in because of the affliction; for I set all men every one against his neighbor. Zech. 8: 10.

Therefore wait ye upon me, saith the *Lord*, until the day that I rise up to the prey: for my determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, to pour upon them mine indignation, even all my fierce anger; for all the earth shall be devoured with the fire of my jealousy. *For then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent.* Zeph. 3: 8-9.

When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness. Isa 26: 9.

*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth. * * * I have sworn by myself*, the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return: *That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.* Isa 45: 22-23.


| | HYMN. |
|---|---|
| A little flock, so calls He thee | 4 |
| Christian, the morn breaks | 17 |
| Dare to be right, dare to be true | 22 |
| God's hand that saves | 37 |
| Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah | 38 |
| In God I have found a retreat | 61 |
| Jesus, lover of my soul | 65 |
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